Poems

- Brian Edwards

I haven't much
to say
from this place
where I'm adrift
in my own
delusions
nothing seems
as real
as it once did
the stars
still shine
at night
at night
they look
the same
yet there's much
that just
seems different
maybe it's just
my imagination
what's left of it
as I stare
at the walls
of my apartment
realizing
I'm probably
overdue
on the electric bill

***

- 5/25/2026

There was
a moment
when I saw
the rosebud
upon which
the world rest
the shroud
that conceals
was taken down
momentarily
there it was
and the world
was oblivious
to it
except for I

***

- 5/25/2026

They spoke
a good line
that everything
was fine
yet we knew
that is was horseshit
through and through
we remembered
back in the day
when hard work
did pay
now they just
keep piling it on
these peddlers
of horseshit

***

- 5/25/2026

Listening
to what
the crows
have to say
on an overcast day
of grey skies
and an
awful number
of flies
it'll be
a Full Moon
tonight though
this I know
and so
do the crows

***

- 5/25/2026

The windmills
out there
give us
something
to see
I like to imagine
they are dragons
I will
grab my lance
and charge
while laughing
chancing it
with fire
and oblivion

***

- 5/25/2026

Look for us
where the dogs
of night
gather
we will
be with them
conspiring
against
the Sphinx

***

- 5/25/2026

There upon
a hill
under
an old tree
I gaze upon
Valhalla
in the sky
as the vikings
drink ale
in the beerhalls
of eternal glory

***

- 5/25/2026

Give some words
to the silence
of night
the sounds
in the darkness
there are not
many out there
that remind us
of the nature
of primordial night
and beams of light
from the Full Moon
touching
the stone
and all
its hidden memory
I give a few
of my words
to the shadows
and I drink
some wine
from eternity's
vineyards
I take
some of my words
anoint them
with wine
and offer them
to the silence

***

- 5/25/2026

I follow
the path
of a nighttime Sun
I follow it
to where
a new night
will be born
somewhere
I follow it
to where
the rooster
and the crow
speak in unison
I follow
the path
of a nighttime Sun
though it does not
yield
to a star adorned sky
I follow it
until I reach
mountains
and I go on
from there
until it seems
like these
mountains
are at
the very end
of everything

***

- 5/26/2026

Do not take
the Sunlight
from me
I need it
to feel free
to some
last measure
do not
take the Sunlight
it is all
I have left
to remind me
of the days
long gone
the days
that were different
when a soul
could find
a place
in the light
leave me
with my last measure
of remembrance
of what
that was like
to feel
the warmth
of the Sun
from above
one last time

***

- 5/26/2026

I drift
upon waves
of ideological noise
from one day
to another
swept up
in the creation
of all of this
ideological noise
we have
created it ourselves
blindly
we destroyed
a beautiful silence
and alas
here we are
amidst tidal waves
of unpleasant sound

***

- 5/26/2026

Here we are
beyond the land
of light
where darkness
lights the candles
and they
are never bright
here we are
where visibility
is low
yet tomorrow
to the fields
we'll go
and the seeds
we'll sow
knowing that
we are
beyond the land
of light

***

- 5/26/2026

Here I am
half in
the dreamworld still
listening to
the simple
lovely song
of a bird
that is sufficient
I need
nothing more

***

- 5/26/2026

A day
at this job
anymore
is a day lost
in a tarpit
of futility
and they say
I'll be repeating
this routine
for a long
while yet
out a window
I look up
and smirk
at the
indifferent Sun

***

- 5/26/2026

They stare
at me
with Cyclopean eyes
the bureaucrats
the unwise
sending our barge
down to an abyss
they smirk
and crave
our tax revenue
now in a repose
without enthusiasm
we wander
in lands
where the fog
is within ourselves

***

- 5/26/2026

The Freudian
dumpster fire
burning
in the night
which is
actually the day
checking the news
checking
the headlines
melancholy induced
so rapidly
lost in
an overgrowth
of weeds
the kleptocracy
awaits
our next sacrifice
our next offering
wandering down
the avenues
with the cobra
beside me
a cup of Hemlock
in my hand
my eyes fixed
on the
metropolitan horizon

***

- 5/26/2026

Wandering around
an acre
of seashells
a hundred miles
inland
the radio
begins to speak
thresholds
are crossed
various eternities
are contemplated
and discovered
at twilight
a single rose
rises
from the sea
from a depth
of twenty fathoms
how can it be
from this
great distance
that we see
the hot air balloons
of Paris

***

- 5/26/2026

Thus so it was
the songbird
spoke to me
in a song
a chilling prophecy
regarding
the entombment
of salvation
when nine long
very long
streamers
dance in
a windy hour
of legions less
and legions more
they want
to capture it all
so they may
print idolatry
upon green paper
the songbird sings
while mercurial Earth
believes itself
to be free
less and less
and so we all
remember the sight
of the North Star
bright above
the plateau of ice

***

- 5/27/2026

Within
new eternities
born of the sky
just before Sunrise
I find
the philosophical
kingdom
I have long
searched for
then shall I
depart this place
which is
little more now
than a garden
of coral
what I shall
behold
when a rising Sun
shines through
an eternal
stained glass window
what splendor

***

- 5/27/2026

In the valley
of cathedrals
in the radiance
of Moonlight shrouded
I wander
destitute
and with
a broken soul
I search
for a proximity
to salvation
hoping
and believing
that I will find
such a thing here
in the valley
of cathedrals
and so
it begins anew
the sky
unleashing
ancient visions
in a place
where candles
and wine
conjure tranquility
I wander here
as one
who could never
catch the wind
of worldly fortune
thus it begins anew
in a Moonlight
shrouded

***

- 5/27/2026

Laughter
and more laughter
as the sky falls
upon a windmill
the vipers
slither
and make
speeches of dribble
they always want
the quick buck
they always promise
some good luck
yet when
the sky falls
they'll be somewhere
safe and secure
as the nemesis
of tranquility
approaches
your door
tossing pennies
into the wishing well
won't be enough
this time

***

- 5/27/2026

Tell me
what you see
I see
a fallen tree
of honesty
that won't
sit right
with some
yet they know
the grievous lies
of the elixir peddler
by now
so tomorrow
we'll open our eyes
to a world
with a little
less honesty
there shall it be
there shall it be
the fallen tree
we all can see

***

- 5/27/2026

Say you
what does
it mean
the spread
of idolatry
throughout
our own
idolatrous village
for some time
have we followed
dreams of gold
we were told
that gold
would make us
bold and satisfied
we were told
many things
given many promises
by those
who wished for us
to pan for gold
in the rushing
western streams

***

- 5/27/2026

The devils
and the fools
are out and about
on this
Moonlit night
of madness
and orchids
I have chugged down
several
bottles of wine
to distill
my woes
and make myself
feel fine
and so
it is an old
song and dance
yet one
that never seems
to vanish completely
from the world

***

- 5/27/2026

What do you see
in the glow
of the gaslight
I see
a thousand diamonds
a thousand snakes
a thousand emeralds
a thousand tarantulas
in a desert
the glow
of the gaslight
is a window
into other
dimensions
of light
separated from us
by mere curvatures
of illumination
light that
is seen
and light
that is imagined
creating mirages
that exist
beyond time
I walk down
a cobblestone street
into the past
and into
the future
of the past

***

- 5/27/2026

So indeed
the teeth
of the beast
have bitten me
in this little
reflection
of Hades
upon the Earth
I must sacrifice
time
offer up time
living time
upon the altar
of wealth illusion
as wealth
is illusion
if it gains you
more living time
it is not
indefinite
and a small number
of lanterns
are glowing
upon the horizons
that are still dark
how is it so
there are always
those horizons
that remain
in darkness

***

- 5/28/2026

Stay
for a dark hour
stay but for
a short while
of wind
follow us into
the ancient dream
now reborn
follow us
into the storm
of violets
and thunder
whatever path
we took
to escape
it was always
revealed to be
futility
we abandoned
our dreams
of golden palaces
upon rays of light
from the Sun
though at times
we still
remember them
with much affection

***

- 5/28/2026

I am often stung
by the harshness
of the world
it is not
a blessed place
of roses
everywhere
to me
it often seems
like a place
of thorns
guillotines
and daggers
it is a place
of duality
the reflection
of a Venetian mask
in the
cracked mirror

***

- 5/28/2026

A billion stars
shining over
a thousand cities
on this
American night
just waiting
for Old Man Sleep
to show up
and knock me out
that's one more
day that's done
one more
chalk line
on the wall
tomorrow
on the other
side of the world
a billion stars
will be shining
over a thousand cities
once again

***

- 5/28/2026

Idols
of the Sunny
delusion
when will we
wake up
from the bad dream
that seems eternal
how many worlds
out there
among the stars
are waiting for
our messages
in a bottle

***

- 5/28/2026

From a bewitching
bottle
our words
lose much
of their clarity
yet we accept this
merely
as a fact
of the predicament
why would
we need
to speak
with clarity
anymore
our words
fall upon the ears
of far
too many fools
for it
to matter really
the bewitching
bottle
is a far better
companion
than the fool
who upon which
our words
would only
be wasted
anyway

***

- 5/28/2026

I have seen
Sunrises
they are still
as they were
somewhere
somewhere
in the vastness
of creation
somewhere
in eternal moments
that are out there
somewhere
in the sea
of time
in the sea
of eternal
currents
and tides
that are
so very
everlasting
I have seen
the glowing radiance
a Sunrise eternal
a Sun
rising forever

***

- 5/29/2026

In the valley
of enchanted air
whispers find
your ears
and do tell
of all
the mystery
in the valley
of the orchid's glare
so can it be
so can it be
eternity's valley
upon the Earth
touched
by the light
of stars
that shine
a light
of immortal time
and our own Sun
awakens the world
once more

***

- 5/29/2026

Down
the forest
trail I go
walking towards
the immortal glow
of the risen Sun
as daylight
begins anew
in this forest
that I wander through
and so does time
awaken me
with much to see
towards
the immortal glow
I am wandering
in this morning hour

***

- 5/29/2026

Whispers
sometimes
find my ears
in the dark
of the night
I am sometimes told
the ocean
that I know
shall find its place
in a desert
harsh realizations
strike me
like bolts
of lightning
a breath of wind
from Valhalla's
shores
also strikes me
as a bolt
of lightning

***

- 5/29/2026

Waking up
to another day
knowing
the fangs
and the thorns
are out there
waiting
for us all
the song
and dance
is a very
old one
it rarely
ever changes
for long
so I must
go out there
into this world
of fangs
and thorns
to make a buck
without
much luck
and soon
the heavens
will open
the rains
shall fall
and the flowers
shall be watered
as the old
song and dance
continues on

***

- 5/29/2026

Where may
I find
the quiet
which is as
an endless beauty
freeing the soul
to journey
where it may
with imagined wings
where may I find
the quiet that is
as music
as a symphony
of reflection
shall I find it
in a radiant sky
upon the clouds
at dawn

***

- 5/29/2026

Now I wander
this land
of broken mirrors
this land
of gibberish
speakers
once a land
of such beauty
and thriving
now so much here
withers
ambition
and vanity
did not deliver
what was wished for
now here
dark orchids grow
under an ashen sky

***

- 5/29/2026

I heard
the voice
from the city
upon the night
of a planetary
alignment
of a crescent Moon
and stars
that looked
like distant candles
across such vastness
that was
creation's ocean
of memory
I heard
the voice
from the city
a voice
of the city
a city
my eyes
could not see
through the veil
of the night
yet the voice
I could hear
a voice
from the city
the city
that I knew
was out there
under celestial
candles

***

- 5/29/2026

I am here
among the
orchids
and the crows
twilight
approaches
like a messenger
with a letter
a Harvest Moon
awaits
the gaze
of my eyes
a night wind
shall bring
the music
of a celestial
violin

***

- 5/30/2026

Bring us
beauty
truth
and beer
bring us beer
we'll drink beer
we'll get drunk
for it feels
better
to be drunk
than to not
be drunk
in these times
in these times
of the barking dog
and the
overdue bill
in the mailbox
damn the mailbox
receptacle
of bills
blessed be
the stars above
they are pleasant
to behold

***

- 5/30/2026

This day
I shall wander
into a forest
searching for
my muse again
beyond the edge
beyond the boundary
of worldly conception
I shall go
into the forest
where nothing
is created
by machinery
industry
capital
investment firms
computers
and all
of the alienation
they bring
this shall be
an opportunity
to cast all that
aside
in the forest
I will find
mushrooms
touched
by Moonlight

***

- 5/30/2026

Here at
the meadow
of eternity
a mist
of centuries
drifts
before my eyes
the birds sing
the Sun is rising
like an
eternal light-giver
eternity
is light
and light
is this moment
in the meadow

***

- Pine Barrens
  5/31/2026

A symphony
of morning light
violins
of Sunrise
such music
to be heard
out here
in the meadow

***

- Pine Barrens
  5/31/2026